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"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

THE YELLOW SEVEN THE BOX TRICK

BY EDMUND SWEET

Captain John Hewitt—Commissioner of Police at Jesselton—sprang to his feet and extended a welcoming hand to a stout, elderly Chinaman pausing on the threshold.

Monica Viney, delightfully at ease in a cane chair, raised her eyes from her book to observe the newcomer. Her attire seemed to be a studied compromise between eastern and western fashions, for he wore a white tunic, baggy trousers of black silk, and black boots with elastic sides. Across his chest stretched a gold watch-chain, the links of which were peculiarly massive, and the third finger of his left hand displayed a ring set with a large green stone.

"You sent for me," he announced with a harsh intonation that, for some reason, struck terror into her soul.

"That's right," agreed the commissioner cordially. "Come in and sit down. This is my sister, Mrs. Viney. Monica, I want to introduce you to the wealthiest and most respected Chinese gentleman on the island—Mr. Chai-Hung."

"How do you do?" murmured Monica sweetly. She was about to rise when a movement of the Oriental's hand checked her.

"Please do not move, Miss Viney. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to make your honored acquaintance. I understand you arrived in Borneo only a short time ago."

Monica flushed.

"I came from Singapore three days ago—in the Jelatang," she replied. "It was a wonderful trip. I was practically the only passenger in the first-class saloon."

Chai-Hung lowered himself into a chair.

"Practically," he echoed.

"Why yes. There was only myself and a Mr. Pennington."

Hewitt looked up sharply.

"Of course you'll stop to tea, Mr. Chai-Hung."

The Chinaman shook his head slowly.

"I never take tea, at least, not what you western people term tea. You'll pardon me, I know, if I say that our national beverage suffered considerably when it came into your hands. You diluted it with milk—and spoiled it with sugar!"

The commissioner crossed his legs and held his cigar-case toward his guest.

Chai-Hung helped himself. Hewitt slapped each of his pockets in turn, accepted the Chinaman's box of matches, lit Chai-Hung's cigar, then turned his attention to his own. With blissful unconcern, he dropped the box into his tunic pocket.

Monica, keenly observant, watched with amused interest the almost pa-

thetic expression with which the Oriental followed the cool annexation of his property. A ripple of laughter escaped her lips.

"Didn't you know that?" she demanded. "I thought everybody did. I don't believe he's ever bought matches in his life! Jack, give Mr. Chai-Hung his matches."

The commissioner started guiltily.

"By jove! I'm frightfully sorry. I hadn't the least intention—!" He handed them back.

The eyes of Chai-Hung positively twinkled.

"I must remember that," he said.

"I sent for you, Mr. Chai-Hung," Hewitt began, "because I am seriously in need of help. Your amazing insight into affairs that concern your own people has been of great service to me in the past: I am hoping that it will serve to lift the veil from a mystery of which the non-solution may enforce my resignation of my position here."

"As bad as that?"

The commissioner nodded.

"Lord Stornaway and his wife dined here last night and left this morning for Sandakan."

"I wanted their visit to be devoid of unpleasantness. While we were at dinner, her ladyship remembered she had left an unusually valuable diamond pendant on her dressing-table. I suggested that my sister should fetch it. She got there just in time to see Lady Stornaway's diamonds disappearing through the open window."

He paused and glanced at his sister.

Chai-Hung leaped to his feet.

She began speaking very quickly: "As I opened the door, a current of air met me, sending something fluttering to the floor. I stooped to recover it and a sound from the window attracted my attention. It was open and, through the aperture, I saw a long, brown arm, its fingers passing rapidly along the wooden surface until they closed over the case that held the pendant. A second later and both arm and pendant had disappeared. I believe I screamed, for the next moment Jack and Lord Stornaway were both in the room. Lady Stornaway followed. I felt the room going round me. The next thing I remember is finding myself in this chair, still holding the piece of card that I had picked up before I saw the arm."

She shuddered and Chai-Hung rose to his feet.

"A distinctly unpleasant experience," he commented suavely. "And the piece of card—what was it like, Mrs. Viney?"

"It was as long as my index finger," broke in the commissioner, "with rounded corners. On one side it was black, on the other yellow—with seven black dots, four of them above a faint dividing line that ran halfway—and three below."

Monica leaning over the arm of her chair, wrinkled her forehead. She could have sworn that the habitually unsmiling Chai-Hung had started violently.

"An ordinary Chinese playing-card," he suggested.

The commissioner shook his head. "It was possibly intended to look like one, but the coloring was different. The background, I believe, invariably white. This was yellow. I am inclined to attach a good deal of importance to this card, Mr. Chai-Hung. I fancy this theft was no ordinary theft, the perpetrator no ordinary thief."

Chai-Hung regarded his watch.

"What is your theory, Captain Hewitt, if I may ask?"

"I believe that this affair is not wholly unconnected with the present wave of anti-British feeling that prevails everywhere. I look at it as a carefully calculated plan to cause considerable annoyance to a prominent Englishman; the work, in fact, of a secret society. Be that as it may," he concluded abruptly, "I'm in about the biggest hole I've dropped into during the whole of my official career."

"Has it ever occurred to you," asked the Oriental blandly, "that a secret society in the east in very much the same as a trade union in the west?"

"Then you don't agree with me?"

"Hardly."

"But," cried Monica excitedly, "how do you account for the yellow seven?"

Chai-Hung leaped to his feet and stood glaring at her, his fists clenching and unclenching in his efforts to choke down the fury that consumed him.

"What do you know of the Yellow Seven?" he demanded fiercely.

She regarded him in amazement.

"Why," she retorted innocently, "it was yellow—and there were seven dots."

The Oriental swallowed something in his throat.

"Of course. I was forgetting," he admitted, half to himself. "I'll do everything possible, Captain Hewitt."

At the entrance he turned.

"Good-afternoon, Captain Hewitt. Good-day, Mrs. Viney."

He was off at a rapid pace and the commissioner watched his red paper umbrella until it was out of sight.

He turned to find Pennington at his elbow.

"Good Lord, man! How did you get here?"

The other grimed. The only thing that was remarkable about Mr. Pennington was the angle at which his eyes were set on an otherwise youthful countenance. They ran obliquely as if celestial light appeared as a result of the great Chai-Hung.

"Come as far as the sun-blinds," Pennington explained. "Heard the sound of voices—and retreated to the kitchen-entrance. Found out what a damn' sight cooler that the rest atmosphere."

The commissioner nodded.

"You've been listening?"

"I always listen," admitted the newcomer unabashed. "It's my job."

"I suppose you gathered that our Oriental acquaintance is a washout as far as this affair is concerned," said Hewitt gloomily.

The younger man leaned against the wall and began rolling a cigarette.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Viney! Hot, isn't it?"

"Frightfully. Mr. Pennington, you don't really think Mr. Chai-Hung will help Jack, do you? I think he's a horrible man!"

"Know anything about Chai-Hung?" asked Pennington suddenly.

Hewitt started.

"He's a prosperous Chinese merchant. He plants rubber as a sort of profitable hobby. Chai-Hung's as white as they make 'em, for all his yellow hide."

"And yet he refuses to help you?"

"Not at all. He promised to do his best. I hardly expected him to send the damned pendant to me by this evening."

Pennington turned and gazed thoughtfully toward a sea of infinite blue.

"Thanks," he murmured drily. "I take it then that you place absolute confidence in our friend?"

"Certainly. I've no reason to do otherwise."

The younger man swung slowly round on his heel. He walked down toward the kitchen quarters, then came back and stood in front of the commissioner's chair.

"If Chai-Hung knows as much of the manners and customs of his people as you are inclined to imagine, he could have told you one thing at least—if he had chosen. He could have explained to you that the recovery of the lost diamonds is every moment becoming more difficult—because it is changing hands with incredible rapidity."

(To be continued.)

Psychoanalysis will be more valued when it can be used more to prevent crime instead of exculpating criminals.

He—"You were no spring chicken when I married you." She—"No; I was a little goose."

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King George Simple Liver

Prince of Wales Also Prefers Plain Meals At All Times

The prevailing simplicity of the meals at Buckingham Palace is due partly to the necessity for economy but perhaps more to King George's digestion, of which he has become extremely careful.

Quite recently the dinner hour at Buckingham Palace was altered from 8 o'clock to 7.45, that King George might finish his last light meal of the day at least a clear three hours before retiring for the night.

Here is a sample of an ordinary dinner menu at the palace:

Oysters
Soup
Grilled Sole
Chicken Cutlets
Ice Pudding

Through the great Afghan banquet with its twenty-four courses King George sat laughing and talking but eating scarcely a morsel more than he does any ordinary night, and just toying with the dainties prepared by M. Cedard, the famous royal chef, who for one night was allowed to exercise his genius regardless of cost.

Prince Dislikes Long Dinners

The Prince of Wales got through it as his father did, by making a pretence of eating and enjoying small portions of the dishes, but perhaps even a greater trial to him was sitting through the elaborate banquet for two hours.

At public dinners attended by the Prince in London and elsewhere it is nowadays understood by those entertaining the Prince that His Royal Highness does not wish a dinner to last more than an hour at the longest.

At York House the Prince's dinner, when he dines by himself, generally consists of a cut from a joint of cold roast beef, a fruit tart, an ice, and a pint of beer. Then a pipe. And when he dines with intimate friends the dinner they give him is much the same.

But the Prince is too well schooled in the art of looking cheerful in circumstances that are disagreeable to him not to have been able to get smilingly through a lengthy banquet.

Duke Leans to Ceremony

The Duke of York more than any of his brothers has a liking for ceremony, and in that respect resembles King Edward more than the Prince of Wales and his two younger brothers. But the Duke of York lives as plainly as his eldest brother, and the meals at 145 Piccadilly are simpler than in many well-off establishments.

A four course dinner served at 7.45 P.M. is the custom at 145, but it is a movable feast. Duty or pleasure may detain the Duke and Duchess long after their regular dinner hour.

And if their dinner is hopelessly spoiled they will cheerfully dine off an omelet, sausages, or anything else that can be quickly prepared.

Tradition and custom compel King George to retain the services of a chef whose salary is eighteen hundred a year, together with a staff of four assistant cooks at an average wage of £500 each. One of these assistant cooks could easily do all the ordinary daily cooking required by King George and Queen Mary, but to get rid of the services of the chef and his assistants would be a measure of economy that even so ardent an economist as Queen Mary would not attempt.



A SMART ONE-PIECE DRESS

A style that proves a favorite for the woman who desires to look slender. The collarless V-shaped neckline is completed with a vestee crossing in diagonal line. The side tucks are simply stitched to the lower part of front along perforations. Tucks at shoulders are made on the wrong side for decorative effect, and the set-in sleeves are dart-fitted. No. 920 is in sizes 16 years, 38, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch, or 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material, and 1/2 yard 27-inch contrasting. Price 20c the pattern.

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WHITE STAR LINE CANADIAN SERVICE

Freight Rates

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): In the matter of transportation Canada cannot get its cake and have it. Neither for material advantage nor for political reasons can we go on reducing freight rates while expecting at the same time that our great transportation systems can continue to give us that efficiency of service which is so vital in a far-flung country like Canada.

Keep Minard's Liniment handy.

"Speaking of Malapropisms," writes M. G., "I heard recently of a colored brother asking when his deceased neighbor was going to be 'interned.' 'She ain't goin' to be interned,' was the answer, 'de family done decided to have her incriminated.'"

A pneumatic automobile bumper has just been placed on the market, and the only thing now needed to make the joys of motoring complete is a pneumatic telephone pole.

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How Much Water Should Baby Get?

A Famous Authority's Rule By Ruth Brittain

Baby specialists agree nowadays, that during the first six months, babies must have three ounces of fluid per pound of body weight daily. An eight pound baby, for instance, needs twenty-four ounces of fluid. Later on the rule is two ounces of fluid per pound of body weight. The amount of fluid absorbed by a breast fed baby is best determined by weighing him before and after feeding for the whole day; and it is easily calculated for the bottle fed one. Then make up any deficiency with water.

Giving baby sufficient water often relieves his feverish, crying, upset and restless spells. If it doesn't give him a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria. For these and other ills of babies and children such as colic, cholera, diarrhea, gas on stomach and bowels, constipation, sour stomach, loss of sleep, underweight, etc., leading physicians say there's nothing so effective. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper—and millions of mothers have depended on it in over thirty years of ever increasing use. It regulates baby's bowels, makes him sleep and eat right, enables him to get full nourishment from his food, so he increases in weight as he should. With each package you get a book on Motherhood worth its weight in gold. Just a word of caution. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package so you'll be sure to get the genuine. The forty cent bottles contain thirty-five doses.

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